

AMONG THE
BLUE LAURENTIANS

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ST. ANNE DE BEUPRÉ

AMONG THE BLUE LAURENTIANS

*Queenly Montreal, Quaint Quebec
Peerless Ste. Anne de Beaupre*

BY
ELEANOR GERTRUDE FARRELL



P. J. KENEDY & SONS
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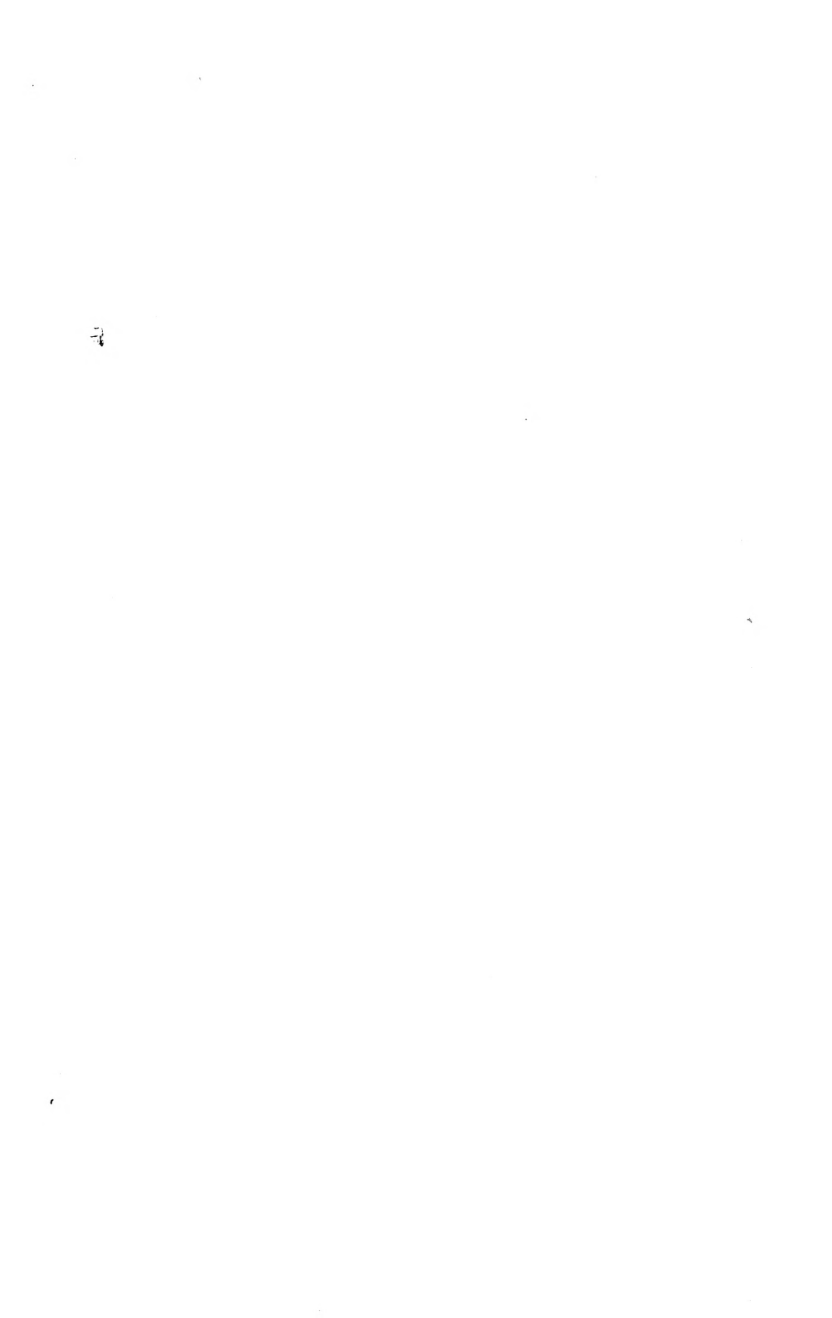


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TO THE MEMORY OF
FATHER AND MOTHER



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PREFACE.

The author has endeavored to make this little book interesting as well as didactic in its nature, and wishes to mingle the mind of the reader with that which is quaint, beautiful and picturesque in nature, to sweeten and harmonize his thoughts by bringing him in contact with a people whose delightfully quaint ways and honesty of character appeal so strongly to her; hoping to inspire and foster within him a love for nature and nature's works; to inculcate lessons of thrift and integrity and cause him to feel that "It's honest labor and steadfast thrift that alone are blessed by God." An excellent opportunity to develop the sphere of observation was given the author while on a recent visit to Lower Canada, where the moral excellence of the people and the beauties of the country prompted the writing of "Among the Blue Laurentians." E. G. F.

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It was a most magnificent prospect which stretched itself before the enraptured gaze of Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, when on ascending the beautiful and majestic St. Lawrence, he beheld the Indian village, Hochelaga, in all its primitive beauty. The well-cultivated ground of the Indian, with its luxuriant growth of maize rippling in the breeze, and from behind, the lovely framework of gayly tinted mountains; for it was a day in early autumn when nature is most lavish in charms of gorgeous coloring and the forests glitter with the varied tints of autumnal glory. This lovely mountain Cartier determined to climb. So impressed was he with the scene, he named it Mont Real (Regal Mountain), now Montreal.

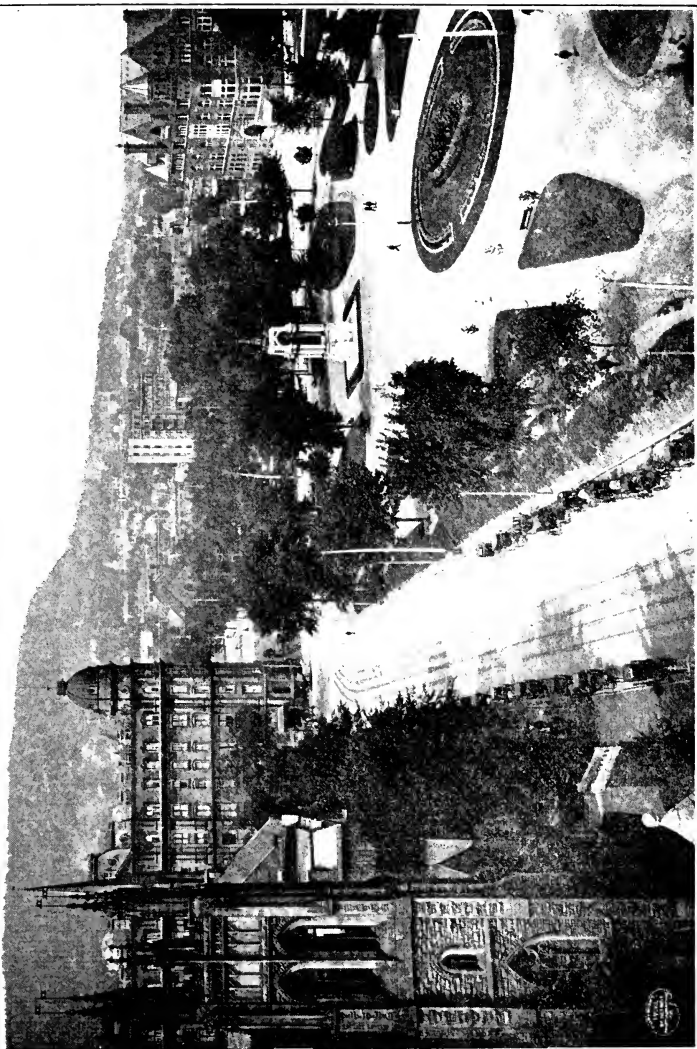
The beginning of the seventeenth century saw Champlain ascending this noble river for the purpose of exploration. At Hochelaga things had changed. The Indian village had disappeared. Not a vestige of the Indian population, which Cartier had seen seventy odd years before, remained. In 1608 Champlain founded the most quaint and curious of cities, ancient and historic Quebec, thus firmly establishing French dominion on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

We cannot but admire the bravery and self-

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denial of the pioneers of New France, when we consider such men as Cartier, the discoverer of Canada; Champlain, the founder of Quebec; the noble Montcalm, the victorious Wolfe, Laval, Frontenac in his brave defiance of Phipps, the English admiral, who claimed the surrender of Quebec in 1690. They have left indelible marks upon the history of the world by their deeds of heroism and sacrifice. The expansion of the Empire of France in Canada, the heroism of her faithful sons in baffling the hostile incursion of her enemies, and lastly the memorable siege of Quebec in 1759, which resulted in the final overthrow of the French Dominion in Canada, thereby determining the destiny of Canada, are historical facts known to all lovers of history.

Montreal, the "Queen of Canadian cities," is the largest and wealthiest city in the Dominion and the great commercial metropolis of Canada. It has an area of almost ten thousand acres and a population of five hundred thousand. The streets, which cross at right angles, have a combined length of two hundred and thirty-one miles. It lies at the base of Mount Royal, from which it derives its name. Situated on one of a group of islands at the confluence of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers—a magnificent setting with its varied forms of pastoral beauty of mountain, stream and town, surmounted and garlanded by the beautiful tree-clad summit of Mount Royal—is Montreal, the gem of the St. Lawrence. On account of its situation at the head of ocean



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navigation, Montreal commands Canada commercially, holding the key which unfolds the treasures of this naturally fertile and so generously endowed country. The exports of all the valuable resources, for which Canada is specially characterized, must pass through its port. Mount Royal is about seven hundred and fifty feet above the river or nine hundred feet above the sea. A ride over the mountain and its summit is reached; or an incline railway, perfectly safe, leads to the top. Since its construction in 1884 more than seven million people have used this means of ascent, without an accident having occurred. The ride is a delightful, winding drive around and around the mountain, through a long stretch of picturesque woodland, with its varied beauties of foliage, ferns and flowers, with here and there frequent glimpses of tiny, silvery rivulets, trickling and tumbling in miniature cascades down the mountainside. Along the mountain slopes, fine palatial residences surrounded by beautiful old trees, monarchs of the forest, interspersed with quaint and charming little cottages nestling in the mountain, appear to the delighted gaze and add to the delightfully picturesque drive. Once the summit is gained, an indescribably beautiful panorama of the city and surrounding country presents itself to view. The eye, feasting upon the beauties, seems never to tire in viewing this beautiful queen city from the commanding height of Mount Royal. There at our feet, it rests peacefully almost a thousand feet below;

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with no sound of the bustling activity of the city, save the shrill whistle of the locomotive and the sounding blast of the passing steamboat on the majestic St. Lawrence. There lies commercially important and progressive Montreal, with its handsome residences, beautiful parks, hospitals and university buildings, massive civic structures and magnificent cathedrals of wondrously beautiful architecture. Yes, truly, a most beautiful queen with her queenly crown—Mount Royal. The St. Lawrence, adorned by the St. Helen and Nun Islands and spanned by the Victoria Bridge, flows on in its grandeur to the sea. The Victoria Jubilee Bridge is one of the most remarkable engineering feats in the world. It was constructed by the Grand Trunk Railway and opened for traffic in 1860, by His late Majesty King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales. It is a steel structure, open girder, double track with carriage-way and foot-walk on both sides of the main trusses. The massive stone pillars of the bridge have their upper sides shaped to resemble plowshares extending out into the water. These cut the ice which comes dashing up against the bridge during the thaw in early spring; for the St. Lawrence is frozen over during the greater part of the winter. Another bridge, the Canadian Pacific Railway, a magnificent iron structure and a great triumph of skill, crosses the river at the head of Lachine Rapids, about seven miles west of the city; a good view of which is obtained from Mount Royal. Two other iron bridges, one at Corn-

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wall, the other at Valley Field, span the St. Lawrence.

The Lachine Rapids were first run by the steamer "Ontario," in 1840. "Running the Rapids" is one of the most thrilling experiences. Soon after passing the Canadian Pacific Railway Bridge, the announcement is made, "The steamer is about to run the Rapids." The passengers, curious and anxious, rush to witness the most exciting experience of navigating the most difficult and most celebrated of rapids. With bated breath they wait, but they are not long in suspense. The swift water and powerful engine soon have them over the rapids, past the narrow shelving, foam-covered rocks, and shortly the steamer is calmly passing under the gigantic Victoria Bridge, about to enter the queenly city of Montreal. The Lachine Rapids were first sighted by Cartier, and he, thinking the St. Lawrence to be a strait leading to China, called the rapids Lachine (Chinese). An old landmark, the ruins of the La Salle House, once the abode of La Salle, is at Lachine. It is over two hundred and fifty years old. Near this house on the 4th of August, 1689, occurred one of the bloodiest Indian massacres in Canadian history. The Iroquois stealthily crept down the river's edge. Aided by the darkness of night, they fell upon the defenceless white people, slaying three hundred and fifty of their number. Some of them were tomahawked on the spot, while others were carried away captives to endure the horrible methods of torture which this

cruel tribe were so capable of inflicting. A little gathering of terror-stricken colonists stood gazing across the shores of Lachine, at the blazing fires which tortured their relatives and friends to death. The harbor is one of the finest in the world. Its extensive wharves are unequalled by any on the continent. The seven miles of wharfage is being improved constantly. Millions of dollars have already been spent on improvements. The granite revetment wall along the river front to prevent the inundation of the city is a magnificent piece of work. Ocean steamers carrying immense cargoes of grain to be exported to Europe are now seen at the wharves of the city. Previous to 1851 ocean steamers coming to Canada found it impossible to go beyond Quebec, owing to the waters of the St. Lawrence being too shallow to admit the passage of large ships. The St. Lawrence was dredged in 1851, making a channel of twenty-seven feet in depth from the Atlantic Ocean to Montreal, which now renders it possible for the navigation of ocean steamers.

Place Viger is a beautiful hotel, and like the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec-the-Quaint, is operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway and affords excellent accommodation. This extensive railway has its headquarters at Montreal. The Grand Trunk, which has the longest continuous double-track line in the world, also has its headquarters here. Its general office building is one of the best equipped and most beautiful in the whole Dominion. The Bank of Mon-

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treal, acknowledged to be the strongest banking institution in America, has a capital of eighteen million dollars. Beautiful parks and squares, the estimated value of which is eight million dollars, form pretty clusters of pastoral magnificence, adding a special charm to the picturesque beauty of this queenly city. The one on St. Helen Island contains one hundred and twenty-eight acres. This island was bought by Champlain as a dowry for his wife and was named in her honor. These parks and squares contain many handsome monuments. Principally, are The Maison Neuve, in Place d'Armes Square, erected in honor of the founder of Montreal; Nelson's Column, The MacDonald, Jacques Cartier and Queen Victoria monuments. Numerous churches and convents, remarkable for their architectural beauty and antiquity, testify to the religious excellence of the people. The Basilica, St. James Cathedral, has a seating capacity of four thousand five hundred. The foundation was laid in 1870. When complete, it will surpass all other church edifices in America; as it is estimated that two million five hundred thousand dollars will have been expended upon its construction. The dome is an exact counterpart of St. Peter's at Rome. It is an immense structure three hundred and thirty feet in length, width two hundred and twenty feet and two hundred and fifty feet in height. The whole edifice is fashioned after Rome's famous cathedral—an exact model with the exception of the roof, which had to be an inclined

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one, owing to the heavy snowfalls which prevail during the Canadian winter. It has already cost one million five hundred thousand dollars.

The Church of Notre Dame, erected in 1849, has a seating capacity of fifteen thousand. Its twin towers are two hundred and twenty-seven feet high. In one of the towers is the largest bell in America, "*Le Gros Bourdon*," weighing twenty-nine thousand four hundred pounds. Ten other bells are in the opposite tower. The combined strength of eighteen men is required to ring the great bell. An elevator takes visitors to the tower to get a view of the city. On entering the sacred edifice, one is impressed with the sanctity of the place. The calm stillness, the solemnity and the elaborate magnificence are impressive and soul inspiring. The organ, said to be the finest in America, cost more than fifty thousand dollars. The architect of this magnificent edifice was an Irishman, named O'Donnell. His body reposes in one of the vaults of the church. The visitor who does not see this beautiful church loses one of the principal attractions of Montreal. Adjoining this church is the Seminary of St. Sulpice, one of the oldest Roman Catholic churches in Montreal, having been founded in 1657. Among the beautiful Protestant churches the grandest and most imposing is St. James' Methodist church. The edifice and ground cost five hundred thousand dollars. The interior is extremely beautiful and has a seating capacity of three thousand. Christ's Church, the English Cathedral of Montreal, is another hand-



SACRED HEART CHAPEL
CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME

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some church of which the Protestant population may well feel proud. It is surmounted by a fine tower two hundred and twenty-four feet high and presents a most beautiful appearance. The McGill University, a famous Protestant college, with its well-kept and extensive grounds, is a handsome adornment in its architectural beauty. On a broad area of elevated ground stands the main college building at the head of the avenue. Beautiful trees and avenues bordered with bright-hued flowers intensify its beauty, making it unusually attractive. Behind rises glorious and beautiful Mount Royal, a most appropriate background for this magnificent university.

Amusements vary somewhat according to the country and the character of its people. So in Montreal, pastimes peculiar to Canada are enjoyed. Lacrosse, a game of Indian origin and resembling football, though played with a netted bat, is the national game of Canada from May to October. It is played with exceptional skill in Montreal. Then follow hockey, the national winter game, ice racing, tobogganing and skating. No other city excels Montreal in opportunities for these favorite pastimes. Winter is certainly a jolly time with its varied and peculiar forms of amusements. A snowshoe club is an organization peculiar to Canada. The uniform consists of a bright blanket coat, with a cap fitting tightly over the head and fastened to the neck. In this odd dress, the whole party wearing snowshoes, glide over the snow, playing games in the moonlight and singing as they go,

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thoroughly enjoying themselves. In tobogganing, a thin piece of board from four to eight feet long and usually about eighteen inches wide and curved up at the front end, is the toboggan. The bottom of the board is very smooth and when started down the hill it goes bounding over the smooth snow with the speed of an automobile. The one who steers the toboggan is seated in the rear and directs its course with his hands and feet. If he blunders, which sometimes does happen, over he goes with the others of the party, upside down in the snow. "The spill" from the toboggan adds much to the merriment. A pretty custom is the annual winter carnival. An "Ice Palace" is built of blocks of ice. The whole palace is illuminated with hundreds of electric lights. The different snowshoe clubs of Montreal, as well as the militia, "storm the Palace," which consists of a march to the Palace, where a most brilliant pyrotechnical display takes place. This magnificent spectacle is witnessed by thousands of people. The Palace of 1909-10, which was erected on Mount Royal, was enjoyed by one hundred thousand people, it is estimated, many of whom came hundreds of miles to witness the charming scene.

Aside from these strictly Canadian sports, football, golf, cricket, polo, yachting and canoeing are all thoroughly enjoyed by the lover of outdoor sports. Unusual attractions are also offered the angler-sportsman. Here he will find unlimited possibilities for the rod and line

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in both lake and river. Here there is no necessity for the funny, finny fib, for certain is he to capture some of the fish contingent; for here is a boundless supply of the finny tribe from the tiny brook trout to the great salmon which sometimes weighs as much as forty pounds. The mountain rivers, inland seas, lakes and streams teem with fish; and the knight of the rod and line, testing his skill, finds delight in capturing the wealth of the waters. Here, too, the huntsman may gladden his heart with the game of mountain and forest. In the vast wilderness, primeval and beautiful—ever the haunt of the hunter—reigns he supremely; for here in the fastnesses of the mountain the rifle strikes low some untamed beasts, a caribou or a moose, perhaps, at the feet of the now happy huntsman.

We must ever appreciate and admire the varied beauties of the boundless forest, with its undulating hills, green in summer, gorgeous in autumn and snowclad in winter; the wooded islands, inland seas, wildly fascinating rapid streams, the lonely, peaceful lake, ever beautiful in its placid loveliness. The historical association of Lower Canada and its ancient character shall ever continue to captivate the student and the antiquarian and its natural beauties shall ever remain an inspiration and an attraction to him who admires nature and nature's works.

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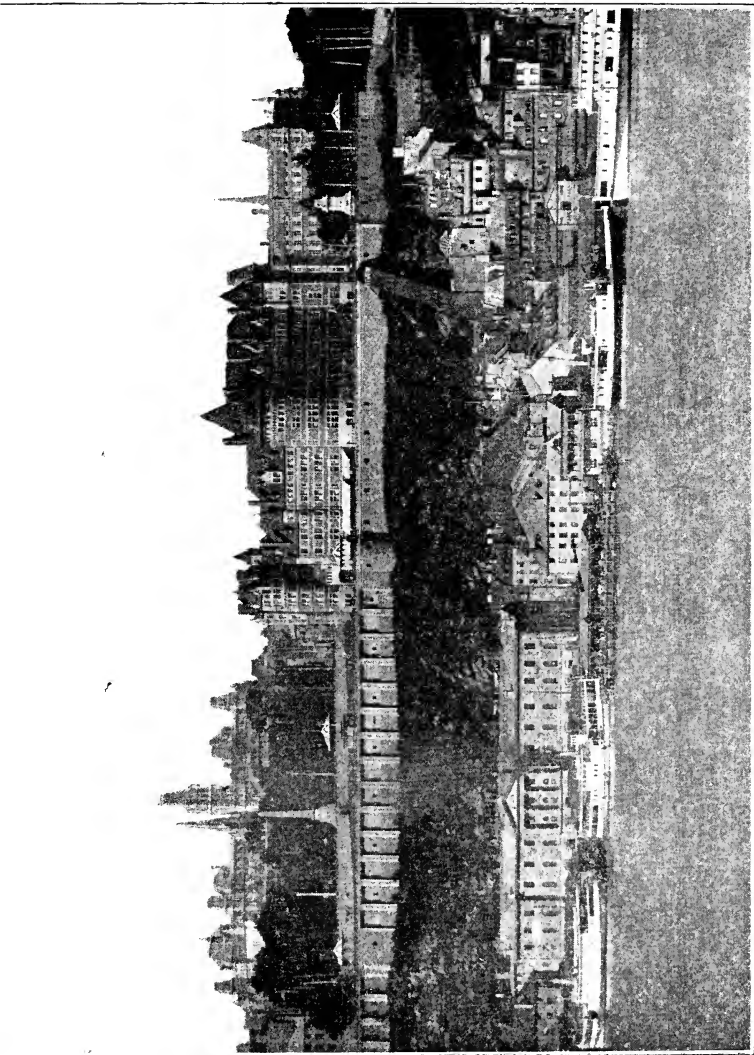
Among other places of interest in Montreal are:

The Art Gallery,
Bonsecours Market.
Chateau de Ramezay.
New Windsor Hotel.
Royal Victoria Hospital.
The Old Windmill.
Victoria Square.
Dominion Square.
Montreal Hunt Club.
Montreal College.
Presbyterian College.
The Old Towers.
Sherbrook Street.
The Colonial House.
The Park Drive.

QUEBEC







QUEBEC AND THE CHATEAU FRONTENAC FROM LEVIS

QUEBEC.

Overlooking the noble and beautiful St. Lawrence, the quaint and charming city of Quebec stands. A large army of tourists annually invade her dominion, and ever willing is she to welcome this friendly invasion and proud she is to surrender without reservation to the advancing line, whose embassy is ever of peace. The sole object of this encroachment is to view the ancient capital with its famous citadel, ruins of her feudalism, and the infinite variety of her charms. We, who view this fascinating city, feel the charm of its picturesque environments. We never quite forget Quebec; for fancy loves to linger on the quaint and beautiful afforded by this curious and historic city. The famous citadel, the battlefield and its monuments to the brave soldiers who fell, vividly remind us of the memorable siege of Quebec and fancy pictures for us the fortified city with ramparts and battlements and frowning cannon. We see the questioning sentry, note his vigilant eye, hear the command to the advancing line, "Halt! and give the countersign!" Again, we see the brave Wolfe anchor his fleet in the harbor, cannonading the city for months; see him take his army a few miles up the St. Lawrence river, to feign the abandoning of the struggle; then, in the

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silence of night quietly come down the river, clamber up the winding, precipitous cliff, disclosed to his eagle eye in his careful reconnaissance of the citadel. This circuitous route is a path to victory. It leads to the fortified city of Quebec, now secure to the French through the vigilance of the gallant Montcalm. Wolfe's wonderful tactics have served him well; for lo! at dawn he stands in battle array on the Plains of Abraham. He has surprised Montcalm. Then begins that far-famed and bloody conflict. Wolfe storms the citadel. Montcalm and his French army bravely defend it. The persistent Wolfe is unyielding. Alas, for Montcalm! Alas! for Wolfe! Both see they have met in mortal combat. Wolfe, twice wounded, presses on, still leading the charge. A third ball strikes him, and Wolfe, the victor, dies at the moment of victory. At the same time mortally wounded, Montcalm is borne to the rear. All this, fancy vividly portrays, and down the long century and more of years the dying words of Wolfe and Montcalm are wafted to the ear as we, wrapt in thought, are overpowered with admiration for the conquered and the conqueror. The pictured battle is over. Quebec surrenders. The present claims us from the past and we move on to view the Wolfe and Montcalm monument, a magnificent granite shaft erected to the memory of these brave generals. It is sixty-five feet in height and stands in Governor's Garden, having been erected in 1828. A suitable inscription is inscribed thereon. The name "Wolfe" is carved

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on one side. On the reverse side is inscribed "Montcalm." The noble generosity of these people is here shown by this magnanimous, unselfish act, honoring alike the victorious Wolfe and the vanquished Montcalm.

Dufferin Terrace, the grand and world-renowned promenade, runs along the brow of the steep cliff upon which the ancient walled city of Quebec stands overlooking Lower Town. It is always the great centre of attraction in the evening for the immense throng of people who annually visit this quaint old city. A spirit of excitement pervades the air. This noisy activity is but the jolly jostle of the crowd; for every one is enthusiastic with the wonders of glorious Quebec. At night the lofty terrace presents a beautiful appearance and is admired with unlimited admiration. It is simply wonderful, this magnificent panorama. The city—Upper Town and Lower Town—and Levis, over the way, illumined by myriad electric lights and the moon casting its reflection on the restless, rolling river, make the silvery St. Lawrence sparkle with dazzling brightness. All this combined with the inspiring music of the band from the Citadel, the joyous bustle and social merriment which seem to prevail, make this scene of gayety a matchless one. At the entrance to the Terrace, the statue of Champlain, the founder of Quebec, with hat in hand, welcomes the visitor. Not far from this memorial monument, on the hillside near the Post Office lies buried the illustrious founder of Quebec and discoverer of the beau-

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tiful Lake Champlain. On September 19, 1889, occurred the great landslide. A huge rock mass which became detached from the steep walls of Dufferin Terrace, came thundering down amid clouds of dust and a deafening roar, burying beneath thousands of tons of rock, many houses and their occupants. Sixty-six lives were lost. Much of the *débris* still remains, and looking up the terrace you can plainly see where the great slice of rock was detached. An elevator at one end of the terrace leads to Lower Town landing the visitor in Little Champlain Street—a very narrow street. Old houses with high roofs are on either side. Little Sous-le-Cap, still more quaint, is reached through Sault-au-Matelot Street from Mountain Hill. The same high French roofed houses with peaked windows, which characterized Little Champlain, are here, too. Sous-le-Cap, about ten or twelve feet in width, is the narrowest thoroughfare in America, and one of the oldest in Lower Town. So narrow is it that in some places the wheels of the passing vehicle come in contact with the doorsteps of the houses. It is simply impossible for two carriages to pass at any point along the street. The houses on the cliff side connect with those on the opposite by foot-bridges at each story. On these bridges the family wash is hung. The whole experience is like passing through a tunnel except for the evidence of life presented. Here and there a prop reaching across the way serves seemingly to support the houses. The threatening, rugged cliff projecting itself at in-

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tervals, almost bars the way and makes the timid anxious to emerge from these unusual surroundings into the daylight.

Champlain Market in Lower Town gives the tourist an exceptional opportunity to see marketing *à la Française*. The *ensemble* of the scene is strictly French. The native simplicity, quaint customs and manners of the people are distinctly those of French Canada. All manner of conveyance is here; from the jaunty *caleche*, a two-wheeled vehicle peculiar to Quebec, down to the primitive ox-cart. This original mode of conveyance is still employed by some of the *habitants*, as the French-Canadian farmers are called. Most of the produce, however, is conveyed from the neighboring districts up or down the St. Lawrence, by the market steamers. The market building is of stone and the open space outside is plank covered. The grotesque appearance of the *habitants*, sitting about on this planked space with their green commodities spread out around them is picturesquely odd and amusing. Here is ample scope for the linguist to study the pleasing *patois* of the natives in the vehement clamorings and gesticulations of the *habitants* in their anxiety to dispose of their goods. The *caleche*, an airy thing with a folded cover, reminds one of a carriage on stilts. It is rather a hard vehicle to mount and equally as difficult from which to descend. Yet a ride in one of these peculiar carriages is much sought by the visitor on account of its novelty.

Quebec was originally a walled city, and en-

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trance to it was effected through one of six gates—The Kent, St. Louis, Hope, Prescott, Palace and St. John leading into it. None of the original gates remain to-day. Those on Palace Hill, Hope and Mountain Hills have been remodeled. St. Louis and Kent gates have been made very picturesque and attractive. A labyrinthine road leads to the Citadel, which is always one of the first and important objects of interest. It has an area of forty acres. The plan of the Citadel is one approved by the Duke of Wellington. It is three hundred and sixty-five feet above the river and the cost of its construction was twenty-five million dollars. It may be entered through St. Louis gate and continuing up a hill, passing various places of interest and beauty, the massive Chain Gate is reached. An inner gate, closely guarded by a sentinel, is next reached, where all visitors are halted and placed in charge of a grey-uniformed guide, who leads the way, calling attention to the many historical points of interest. He tells the weight of the different guns, the nature of the different buildings—the Governor General's quarters, the officers' quarters, soldiers' quarters, storehouses and Drill Hall. Finally he leads the way to the King's Bastion, the highest part of the Citadel, where two salutes, one at noon and the other at half-past nine o'clock at night, are given daily. He points with pride to a gun which is claimed to have been captured from the Americans at Bunker Hill. The outlook from the Citadel is exceptionally beautiful, rivaling

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the view obtained from the Kent House, Montmorency. Here we see the valley of the St. Charles River stretching far and wide, the blue, round-topped mountains looking down with a smile upon the charm and grandeur of the beautiful St. Lawrence and the magnificent harbor of Quebec and Point Levis, and nearer still, the tightly packed houses of the town itself; a distant view of the village of Beauport leading to Montmorency Falls. The spires of the world-renowned church of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, twenty-one miles distant, are plainly discerned by means of a field glass. A walk along the ramparts will extend this magnificent view far away to the Maine boundary, and will also allow one to observe how close upon the street are all the houses built, their double doors for protection, and how the east side of the houses are clapboarded for double protection during the severely cold winters for which Canada is noted. It is a fatiguing journey, this ramble up and down hill. Sometimes a clamber over cannon, ditches and walls, where the formidable guns of long ago are now sleeping peacefully after the din of battle. Among the finest and important buildings in Canada may be reckoned the Parliament Buildings in Quebec, which were completed in 1887. The main building is a perfect square of three hundred feet. The interior is fine and elaborate. Quebec citizens point with a pardonable pride to their City Hall, a massive collection of buildings, modern in structure and erected upon the site of the old Jesuit Col-

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lege. They proudly boast of having within their province the only civic structure in America, in which there was no "boodling" with the contract price. On the Plains of Abraham is erected a monument with the inscription—

Here Died Wolfe Victorious

Sept. 13th, 1759.

Looking over the edge of the cliff can be seen the ravine up which Wolfe and his men clambered to capture Quebec. One of the interesting places which the visitor must not fail to view is the large fur store of Holt, Renfrew & Co., Ltd. Many quaint stories of the customs of the Indian are told by the employés, for they deal directly with the primitive people in purchasing their goods. The magnificent display of the beautiful creations in fur is greatly admired; and in magnificence and variety can scarcely be surpassed by famous Paris. The capital of this wonderful firm is one million dollars. Canada may feel reasonably proud of this enterprising company. Queen Victoria was pleased to purchase her furs here. The sleigh robes presented by the ladies of Canada to the Duchess of York as a wedding gift, were purchased from this firm. A framed document in their possession testifies that "Holt, Renfrew & Co., Ltd., are 'bona fide' furriers to the Queen." Upon Dufferin Terrace, just below the Citadel, is located Chateau Frontenac, the grandest hotel in all Canada, and one of the largest and finest in the

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continent of America. It is operated by the Canadian Pacific Railroad, having been built by this company at a cost of more than one million dollars. It is a grand site for a hotel and commands a fine view up and down the river and across the river to Levis. It is of historic interest, as it has been the residence of several of the governors of Canada. In the eastern wall of the post-office is inserted a *bas relief* representing a dog gnawing a bone. The significance of this, as well as the tragedy which occurred at "The Chateau Bigot," now a picturesque and romantic ruin, and which resulted in the death of the unfortunate Algonquin maid Caroline, is vividly described in Kirby's famous historical romance—"The Golden Dog" (*Le Chien D'or*). The Lorette Falls in the pretty little Indian village of Jeune Lorette are worthy of note. They are a miniature counterpart of Victoria Falls of the Zambesi. The entire amount of water of the river St. Charles after reaching the bottom of the Falls turns off, almost at a right angle, through an extremely narrow cleft in the rock, so narrow it could almost be stepped across. In this village dwells the last remnant of the Hurons, who took refuge from the relentless Iroquois. George III. presented them with a small cannon, of which they feel very proud. They have intermarried with their French neighbors. However, the Indian features, high cheekbones, swarthy look and habits still predominate. Famous churches and convents, too, adorn the town, reminding us forcibly of the

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pioneer missionaries, suffering and sacrificing so much for the propagation of religion and civilization. The Basilica, or French Cathedral, is the oldest church in Canada. Its construction was begun in 1647. First Mass was celebrated in 1665 and the church dedicated in 1666 by Monseigneur Laval, first Bishop of Quebec. It has a seating capacity of four thousand. This historic and beautiful edifice is fashioned after some of the temples of France and Spain. Its chancel is a reproduction of St. Peter's of Rome. Its white and gold brocade decorations give it a cheerful and wondrously beautiful appearance. During the British bombardment in 1759 it was destroyed, but was afterwards rebuilt on the same walls. It was raised to the rank of Basilica in 1874 by His Holiness Pope Pius the Ninth. It has a wealth of magnificent paintings decorating the walls. Many of them are by the world's great masters. The following is the list of paintings and other interesting and valuable information as obtained from the church authorities at this renowned church, as well as at the old monastery.

LIST OF PAINTINGS IN THE FRENCH CATHEDRAL OF QUEBEC.

This church is the oldest in Canada (A. D. 1647). Destroyed by fire during the siege of Quebec (A. D., 1759), it was rebuilt on the

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same walls. Later (on the 28th of August, 1874) His Holiness the Pope Pius the Ninth raised it to the eminent dignity of Minor Basilica.

I. On the right hand, first pillar, *The Holy Family*, by Blanchard.

II. *Our Saviour Insulted by the Soldiers*, by Huret.

III. *Birth of Christ*, a copy of the same painting executed by Annibal Carrache.

IV. In the lateral chapel, on the right, above the altar, *The Flight of Joseph Into Egypt*, by Théophile Hamel; the original by Vanloo.

V. In the choir on the right—*Communion of St. Jérôme*, after Le Dominiquin.

VI. *Our Saviour Attended to by Angels After the Temptation in the Desert*, by Restout.

VII. Above the chief altar, *The Immaculate Conception*—Lebrun's style.

VIII. The left hand, *St. Paul's Ecstasy*, by Carlo Mara.

IX. *Virgin of Rosary*, by Sassoferrato.

X. In St. Anne's chapel, *Miracles of Ste. Anne*, by A. Plamondon.

XI. Coming back to the interior, first pillar, *Our Saviour on the Cross*, by Van Dick.

XII. *The Pentecost*, by Vignon.

XIII. *Annunciation*, by Restout.

XIV. In Sacred Heart's Chapel, to the right hand, *The Agony in the Garden of Olives*, by Huot.

XV. To the left hand, *The Apparition of*

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the Sacred Heart to Blessed Margaret Mary, by the same.

XVI. In the chapel near the entrance, *The Saviour's Sepulchre and Interment*, copied by A. Plamondon, from the original by Hutin.

XVII. *The Baptism of Christ*, Claude Guy Hallé.

In the chapel, above the altar, stands the statue of *Our Lady of Pity*.

XVIII. In the opposite chapel—the right—*St. Joseph's Death*—copied by the Rev. Sisters of Good Shepherd, from the original by Pasqualoni.

XIX. The left—*Vision of the St. Anthony of Padua*—by the Rev. Sisters of Good Shepherd, original by Murillo.

The group in this chapel represents *St. Joseph's Death*.

The two reliquaries which are attached to the walls in the sanctuary enclose the relics of forty martyrs in Japan; each contains twenty relics of each martyr.

N. B.—The other small paintings around the chapels are the *Fourteen Stations of Our Saviour's Passion*.

LIST OF THE STAINED GLASS WINDOWS IN THE LATERAL CHAP- ELS OF THE BASILICA.

- I. The Birth of the Blessed Virgin.
 - II. The Presentation of the Blessed Virgin.
 - III. The Annunciation.
 - IV. The Visitation.
 - V. The Presentation of Jesus at the Temple.
 - VI. The Finding of Our Lord amongst the Doctors.
 - VII. Mary at the Foot of the Cross.
 - VIII. Descending of the Holy Ghost upon the Blessed Virgin and the Apostles.
 - IX. The Coronation of Mary in Heaven.
- Visitors are shown the church ornaments in gold brocade, etc., etc.

The silver and gold set is composed of twenty-nine different pieces. It was bought in 1850 at Lyons in France. The complete purple set is of twenty-six different pieces. It was also purchased at Lyons in 1850. The black set is composed of twenty different pieces, bought at Lyons in 1869. The old set, bearing the shield of Louis XIV., is a gift of that king. It is more than two hundred years old, and consists of twenty-two different pieces.

A SOUVENIR OF THE OLD MONASTERY.



Inscription: ME DONAVIT LUDOVICUS DECIMUS TERTIUS.

Seal of the Company of New France, otherwise called of "The Hundred Associates," founded by Cardinal Richelieu in 1627. The ground occupied by this Monastery and its dependencies was donated by that company in 1639. The only impression known of the seal of which the above is a fac-simile is attached to a deed in the archives of the Monastery. The reproduction of both sides of this double seal

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may be seen outside the chapel, together with the escutcheons of Mary of the Incarnation, the Foundress, and of Madame de la Peltrie, benefactress of the institution.

THE CHAPEL.

The present chapel, built in 1901, is of the same dimensions and occupies the same site as that completed in 1723, which it has replaced.

The preservation of all the ornamentation of the former chapel, executed in the style of the period (Louis XIV), with its original antique gilding, recalls to mind the splendor of the old *regime*. The beautifully decorated colonnade, the elaborately carved pulpit, and the *bas-reliefs* of the panels on the sanctuary doors and on the bases of the columns are due to the chisel of a native artist, Noël Levasseur.

THE PAINTINGS.¹

(Over the altar)

I. *The Adoration of the Infant Jesus by Shepherds.* Artist unknown.

II. *Our Lord Revealing His Heart to the Blessed Margaret Mary,* by Lebrun.

At this same altar, on June 18, 1700, was cel-

¹ These original paintings, which escaped the vandalism of the French Revolution, were purchased in 1822 for the Ursulines by the Abbé Philippe Desjardins, their former chaplain, who had then been appointed Vicar General of Paris.

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ebred, for the first time in the New World, the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The words: *Demande-moi par la Cœur de mon Fils*, inscribed in the circular window above the altar, and in the marble medallion outside the chapel, is the invitation of the Almighty Father to the Venerable Foundress of this Monastery, Marie Guyart del Incarnation, to appeal to Him through the Heart of His Son.

(In the nave: Gospel-side.)

III. *St. Nonnus, a Bishop, Admitting to a Life of Penance the Converted Actress, Pelagia*, by Prud'hon.

IV. *Thaïs the Penitent Pleading for Admission into a Monastery*², by Prud'hon.

(Above the main entrance.)

V. *Jesus at the Supper Table of Simon the Pharisee*, by Philippe de Champaigne.

(In the nave; Epistle-side.)

VI. *The Wise Virgins*, by Pietro da Cortona.

VII. *Miraculous Draught of Fishes*, by Anthony Dieu (?).

VIII. *Visitation of the Blessed Virgin*, by Colin de Vermont.

² This painting, in which the artist has represented Saint Thaïs under the features of the famous Duchess de la Vallière, could not have found a more appropriate place than the chapel of the Old Monastery. During twelve years, the Ursulines of Quebec prayed and did penance for the conversion of that Magdalen, who expiated her sinful life at court by seventeen long years of penance under the austere rule of the Carmelite Order.

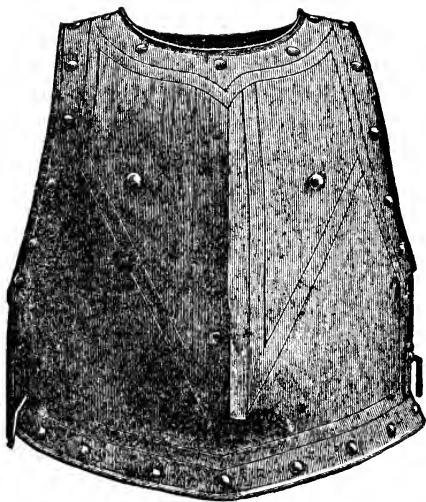
IX. *Christian Captives at Algiers Ransomed by the Trinitarian Fathers*, by Claude-Gui Halle.

HISTORICAL MONUMENTS.

I. Erected by the Provincial Government to the memory of the Jesuit Fathers Duperron, a missionary among the Hurons, and DeQuen, who discovered Lake St. John, and of the lay-brother Liégeois, whose head was cut off by the Iroquois, at Sillery, near Quebec. Inscription by the famous Latin scholar, Father Angelini, S. J.

II. To the memory of General Montcalm, erected in 1859, on the 100th anniversary of his death. Inscription by the French Academy in 1763.

The marble slab beneath was placed by Lord Aylmer, Governor of Canada, in 1833.



Cuirass worn by Montcalm at the battle of the Plains of Abraham. Mark of the bullet wound on the left. Preserved by his family.

Monieur

Obligé esfeu Quebec à vos ames -
J'ay l'honneur de Demander à votre Excellence
par votre pouvoir malade le Colonel de
lui Demander l'execution du traité d'Echange
qui a été convenu entre Sa Majesté très-
Chrestienne & Sa Majesté Britannique. Je
suis d'être persuadé de la haute-
tortue & la respectueuse Consideration -
avec la quelle J'ay l'honneur d'être,

Votre très humble & très
Obeissant Serviteur,
Montcalm

Fac-simile of Montcalm's last letter signed after the fatal battle of the 13th September, 1759, in the house of his friend, Dr. Arnoux, on St. Louis Street, and preserved in the archives of the Townshend family.

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At the Convent of the Franciscan Nuns, corner of Grand Allee and Claire Fontaine, a most beautiful electric illumination display is witnessed when the whole chapel is illuminated, as an act of courtesy to the visitor who greatly appreciates this kind welcoming of the good nuns. The Ursuline Convent, an imposing pile of buildings both ancient and modern, contains valuable and beautiful paintings, rare relics, including the skull of Montcalm, whose body lies buried under the chapel. The Order is a cloistered one founded in 1641 by Madame de la Peltrie. The Church of Notre Dame des Victories—the Lower Town Chapel—is another of the ancient and much-admired edifices in the city. It was erected in 1688. Its interior is interesting on account of its style of finish, which is antique in character. It contains some of the oldest paintings in Canada. The Anglican Cathedral is quite interesting in its display of some old battle-flags of English regiments. In the old Protestant burial-ground of St. John Street lies buried the body of Sir Walter Scott's brother. The adjoining edifice is St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, a handsome structure quaintly designed and Gothic in architecture. Its service is High Church Episcopal.

The name Quebec is of French origin. When Champlain and his little crew first sighted the promontory upon which Quebec now stands, they all with one voice exclaimed "*Quelbec! Quelbec!*" meaning "What a beak!" thus the derivation and significance; for Quebec it is

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called to-day. Difficult indeed is the portrayal of the natural picturesqueness which one beholds all along the route to Canada. One of the richest spots in scenic beauty which America affords is the historic and picturesque valley of the St. Lawrence. Strikingly beautiful, appreciated, but never over-estimated, we see this noble river ever in all its pristine loveliness. From Quebec to Ste. Anne de Beaupre it is one magnificent panorama—its undulating hills, cultivated land and green pastures, shadowy forests and shining rivers. Pretty villages line the banks of the rivers, while ever and anon the spires of some parish church rise in prominence far above the houses and glisten with wonderful brightness in the sun, proclaiming to all the glorious devotion of Canada and her people. The cross sending forth a message of love, ever speaking to the people of the supremacy of God, rises heavenward far above all other objects, seeking as it were to reach the abode of God and the blessed with a devout people's holy profession of faith, hope and love. Concerning the piety of these people, it may be said, that in no other country is there found more deep religious zeal or true devotion to God than is practiced by these loyal-hearted Canadians. If necessary the *habitant* will mortgage his farm, of which he is so justly proud, in order to contribute his portion for the maintenance of a magnificent church—the dwelling-place of God—ever striving to show honor and glory for Him above all things. The Falls of Montmorency River add a par-

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ticular charm to the scene, touching it with a grandeur rivaling in beauty and sublimity the Falls of Niagara. Often has this work of nature imbued the poet with lofty ideas and frequently has it been the creative genius of the artist. It inspires one with a reverential fear, causing him to commune in holy contemplation with Him the Author of our being. Grand in summer, picturesque in winter and inspiring at all times we find the Falls of Montmorency. During the winter the freezing spray gradually forms a cone of comparative altitude. Sliding and tobogganing parties are attracted here for the sole purpose of enjoying this frolic. Considering the popularity of this sport and its apparent dangers, but few accidents have occurred. But in summer, the grandest character of the Falls is effected. Then we see this immense volume of water foaming and fretting, rushing madly on with a mighty roar. A sheer plunge over a precipice of solid rock, two hundred and seventy-six feet in height, finally mingles it with the waters of the river beneath. An awe-inspiring sight is this tumbling expanse of snow-white foam in its frantic, headlong rush, and one to be forever remembered with profound admiration and respect by the true lover of nature. The most skeptical who beholds it cannot but feel the Divine Presence and realize that we are not adrift on the universe—mere children of chance—but children of one Eternal Father. Unconsciously will he murmur in the glorious words of the psalmist, “Even from everlasting to ever-





MONTMORENCI FALLS

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lasting Thou art God." Like guardians, watching the head of the cataract on either bank, the observer will notice two stone columns, massive in proportion. They have been permitted to remain as mute memorials of a tragic event which occurred more than half a century ago. These pillars formerly served as piers for a suspension bridge which spanned the Falls at this point. Unfortunately the structure proved to be too lightly constructed and fell away from its fastenings, just as a French-Canadian farmer and his wife were crossing in their market cart on their way to the town to dispose of their produce. The ill-fated couple were dashed over the Falls and were never seen again. At a height of one hundred and eighty-five feet, power is developed from the Falls. The power house of the Quebec Railway Light and Power Company is erected here, and in addition to supplying power to their own railway system in the city of Quebec and its suburbs, light and power for private citizens are also obtained from this source. The Montmorency Cotton Mills and the Riverside Manufacturing Company are also supplied through this means. The railway crosses the Montmorency River about two hundred yards from the Falls. From the top of the dam to the foot of the Falls is two hundred and seventy-six feet, or one hundred and fifty feet higher than Niagara Falls. At the station an elevator, a steel structure, brings the tourist to the top. A fine view of the Falls with all its picturesque scenery can be obtained from the observation car. The trip

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in the car is about one and a half minutes duration. On reaching the top, we see Kent House, the one-time residence of the Duke of Kent, the father of the late Queen Victoria and commander-in-chief of the British forces in Canada. It is now a first-class hotel, and is, with the exception of some sanitary improvements, practically the same as when originally occupied by His Royal Highness, the Duke of Kent. An extended view, clear and uninterrupted, may here be obtained as far as the White Mountains; the sharp, rugged peaks of which are clearly seen outlined against the sky. Exceedingly beautiful and impressive is the outlook from here, unsurpassed if equalled by another in America, and possibly unequalled, it is said, by any in Europe, save that perhaps of Naples from the bay and Constantinople. The historic association and the enchanting scene by day and at night, when illumined by the light of the full moon, make this an ideal place—an inspiration and charm for the student and tourist. A spacious park surrounds this famous old place. Here also have been erected and prepared special attractions and means of recreation for the benefit of the public. The zoölogical gardens, which contain noble specimens of animals peculiar to Canada, and which are the property of Holt, Renfrew and Company, of Quebec, add a double attraction to the park and are thoroughly enjoyed by visitors. Here are found fine, noble specimens of the moose. So tame are these beautiful creatures that they will eat

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from the visitor's hand, much to the delight of the children. It was on these grounds on the east side of the river, that General Wolfe's invading army encamped during the memorable siege of Quebec in 1759, while on the west side of the river, Montcalm and his French army had their encampment. The remains of some of the intrenchments are still clearly defined. Various relics of that renowned siege may also be viewed, making it doubly interesting to the lover of history. To the right of the Montmorency River we see the harbor and city of Quebec, Levis, St. Joseph and the Isle of Orleans. On the other side are La Canadiere, Chateau Richer, and farther on peerless and beautiful Ste. Anne de Beaupre. In Quebec we see little else but French—French people, French customs and French ways—in fact, everything is French. Here are books and newspapers in French, towns, villages, rivers, buildings and streets bearing French names or names of some special saints. Indeed, if it were not for the English flag, Union Jack, which here and there waves in the breeze, one might think he were traveling in old France, so distinctively French is everything. England has found it a very difficult task to Anglicize Quebec; for with a characteristic loyalty these people lovingly cling to their mother country and her ways and will not be separated from her.

“You may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still.”

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O Quebec! Beautiful and quaint! These are a few of thy charms; but thy true charm and grandeur consist not in thy strongly fortified battlements, magnificent architecture, or picturesque environments, but in the hearts of thy people—their delightful manners, gracious, kindly spirit and Christian love. Possessing the courtesy and chivalry of the knights of old, their princely hospitality would bid us linger; with a profound impression and love we reluctantly utter adieu to Quebec-the-Quaint!

OTHER POINTS OF INTEREST IN AND ABOUT QUEBEC.

Martello Towers,
Hotel Dieu Hospital,
Laval University,
Morrin College,
Cardinal's Palace,
Chaudiere Falls,
Montcalm House,
Where Montgomery Fell,
Wolfe's Cove,
Break Neck Stairs,
Forts of Levis,
Isle of Orleans.

Lakes: St. Charles, Beauport, St. Joseph.

STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE

STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

Yes, peerless and beautiful Ste. Anne de Beaupre! So replete with natural charms and a people so gloriously happy in their religious zeal and devotion and an undying love for the Saviour! This lovely spot nestles close to the foot of the mountain which smilingly looks approval upon the cluster of pretty homes and the unaffected grace and loyalty of the people. Clinging lovingly to the side of the mountain, are seen some of the more stately buildings, giving them the appearance of having strayed away from the beautiful home cluster in the pretty little valley below, for a loving embrace, perhaps, and with a childlike simplicity to nestle still closer in the protecting arms of the blue Laurentians. This lovely village of Beaupre, so remarkable for the world-renowned shrine of Ste. Anne, is one of nature's most beautiful spots. To the north is the beautiful background of mountains—the Laurentian Highlands—and stretching away and away in the distance edging it on the south flows ever in stately grandeur the majestic St. Lawrence. An unpretensive little pier leads out to the river. On it is exhibited the world-famous painting—The Cyclo-rama of the Holy Land and the Crucifixion. This work of art is a most wonderful produc-

AMONG THE BLUE LAURENTIANS

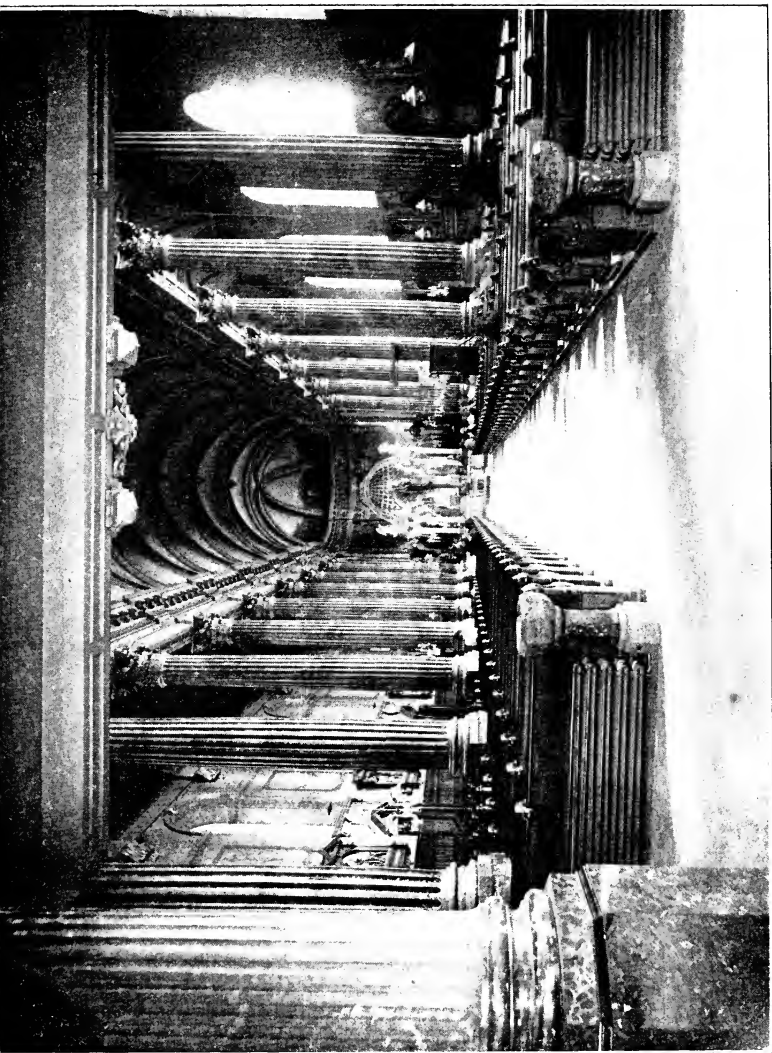
tion—a masterpiece from a religious and historic standpoint. It was inspired by Philippoteaux and jointly executed at a cost of thirty thousand dollars by the best French and American artists. Intensely realistic is the representation of the Crucifixion. It awakens within the soul feelings of awe and reverence and inspires one with the elevating influence of the pure and noble, causing him to realize, as he contemplates the holy scene, his unworthiness and man's ingratitude to God for the sacred immolation of Our Blessed Saviour on Mount Calvary. From the quaint rustic pier the little village looks delightfully pretty. The fertile valley, with its long stretch of picturesque homesteads—cute little reminders of quaint Normandy—its beautiful church edifices, crowned by the blue Laurentians, give us a pretty glimpse of Old France. Religiously beautiful and impressive are the evidences of piety displayed at Ste. Anne de Beaupre. Fourteen white crosses representing the Stations of the Cross, a most touching and beautiful devotion of the Catholic Church, have been erected on the hillside. A much larger one, the Cross of Calvary—that precious emblem of man's redemption—rising prominently above the mass of foliage, crowns the summit of the hill. In the evening groups of pilgrims bearing lighted candles, and reciting this beautiful devotion, "The Way of the Cross," are seen wending their way slowly and piously, praying in turn before each of the fourteen crosses on the hillside, finally reaching the summit, where has

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been erected the larger cross, "The Calvary." Two convents, one the Convent of the Franciscan Nuns, the other, the home of the Redemptoristine Nuns, materially add to the religious beauties of Beaupre. These beautiful buildings framed in a pretty mass of foliage and nestling close to the bosom of the mountain greatly increase the fascinating charms of the place. A glimpse of the sweetness and sanctity of monastic life is seen, when absorbed in the holy presence of God, the nuns assemble at Solemn Benediction. A pure atmosphere of religion and love pervades the solemn stillness of the pretty little chapel. Separated from the visiting throng of worshippers, the white-robed nuns, wrapt in holy contemplation and kneeling in the attitude of prayer, chant in accents soft and sweet holy hymns of love to their Divine Spouse in the Most Blessed Sacrament. Towering above all the magnificent church edifices, the crowning glory of them all, is the famous Basilica of Good Saint Anne. A beautiful tradition concerning the introduction of the devotion to St. Anne and the institution of the church at Beaupre, is related by the good people. Some Breton mariners sailing on the St. Lawrence encountered a most violent storm. Alarmed by the violence of the tempest, and fearful of their safety, they had recourse to prayer. Immediately their minds reverted to good St. Anne, the patroness of their beloved Brittany. They had been taught in their childhood and early youth, the efficiency of prayer to

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this good saint. So, placing their confidence in God, they immediately besought Divine assistance, at the same time beseeching the most powerful intercession of their much-beloved Ste. Anne, praying her to bear to Heaven their sighs and supplications for safety from shipwreck and death. Never had the good Saint been deaf to their pleadings; so, confidently they implored her to carry their petitions to the Throne of God. They solemnly vowed, if saved, to erect her a sanctuary on the spot where they should land. God heard their prayers. At the dawn of day these brave and good men reached the north shore of the river, at a place, seven leagues northeast of Quebec, then known as Petit Cap. True to their solemn promise they built, in 1657, a little wooden chapel, which has since developed into the far-famed and beautiful Basilica of Saint Anne. The present edifice, of Corinthian architecture, was solemnly blessed and opened for public worship with imposing ceremonies on October 17, 1876. It was consecrated by His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau May 16, 1889. It is in charge of the Redemptorist Fathers and has been since 1878. Twin towers one hundred and sixty-eight feet in height ornament the structure. Over each of the three entrance doors in the *façade* is a carved slab, illustrating the three theological virtues—Faith, Hope and Charity. Surmounting the whole structure is a colossal statue of Saint Anne, fourteen feet in height and carved in wood and copper gilt. The majestic greatness and sumptuous elegance of



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the architecture, added to the grand and religious nature of its decorations profoundly impress one, as he gazes upon this imposing structure of royal magnificence. Many are the miracles performed at this world-renowned shrine of Saint Anne. At the extremity of the aisle, before the main altar, stands the handsome Miraculous Statue, at which the pilgrims kneel when they implore the intercession of the glorious Saint. On the front of the pedestal is the reliquary containing a stone from the house in which the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, first saw the light of day. The richness and magnificence of the Miraculous Statue and pedestal are indescribable. The diadem of gold and precious jewels was placed there in 1887 by His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau in the name of Leo XIII. At the foot of the statue, crutches and other surgical appliances and many votive offerings, testify to the merciful effects experienced by those who have had recourse to her powerful intercession with the Eternal Father. The Scala Sancta (Holy Stairway) is a very unique, religious structure. A large flight of steps, an imitation of the steps our Saviour mounted during His Sacred Passion in the tribunal of Pontius Pilate, and which contain relics from the Holy Land, are ascended by devout worshippers kneeling in the attitude of prayer. During the British invasion in 1759, the whole country was devastated, and the only building left standing was the little chapel under the special patronage of Saint Anne. The first

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statue of Ste. Anne in Canada was brought from France by Bishop Laval, the first Bishop of Quebec, in 1661. It and many other historical relics are still preserved in the Church Reliquary. A visit to Ste. Anne de Beaupre is incomplete without a drive to the lovely Falls of St. Anne. Beautiful, instructive and interesting will this drive be. Here in this fruitful village, we have a country delightfully quaint, replete with many beautiful charms and reflecting the thrift and economy of the people. The well-kept, neat, little houses, pretty and picturesque with their high peaked roofs—lovely little home spots—with a wealth of pretty little valleys, bright with the loveliest of wayside flowers, and again little bits of river here and there, and quaint pastoral scenes, evidences of this thrift and economy, confront us everywhere. Extremely interesting, original and primitive are some of these rural scenes; all testifying to the economical arrangement and conservative principles of the Canadian farmer. Here his skill is shown in the luxuriance and abundance of the crops, the product of his labor and skill. Here flourish beautiful fields of buckwheat, corn and grain. Fields of rich clover heavily laden and extremely pretty in the luxuriance of purple blossoms, delight the eye. The weather in the mountain district is a tricky little elf. The clouds playing "hide and seek" with the sun have a way of deceiving "Old Probability" himself. Very original is the plan adopted by the thrifty farmer, who in the midst of his harvesting notices

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the gathering of dark, frowning clouds so indicative of the sudden approach of a storm. Quickly the grain is gathered into heaps. Each heap is hooded with a weighted cap of *papier mache* or some other similar material made to protect it from the rain. Very unique and picturesque is a harvest field so decorated, and this busy scene of farm life—the men, women and children in quaint garb hurrying to and fro, capping the mounds—presents a pleasing picture of industry, and amply illustrates the inventive genius and thrift of the Canadian farmer. Here the humble *habitant* rises superbly to the occasion, bravely faces existing circumstances, thanks God for the rain and calmly awaits the rainbow. The American *soi-disant*, scientific agriculturist, possessing not the ready power to cope with such a turn of luck, blames Providence and the weather and sits down to grieve and grumble. Ever and anon is caught a fleeting glimpse of the primitive past; for the French-Canadian is rather conservative; slow to accept the adopted models of the present. Here at the close of the day is seen the faithful, gentle, old ox, ever the servant of man, plodding wearily homeward, fatigued after serving his master in the harvest field or elsewhere. Strutting about with a frame of nondescript appearance encircling the neck, are seen the awkward goose and the trim turkey, companions to a pig in pasture; all displaying the same kind of neckwear. Our interest is awakened to the novel sight and we are informed that this unique frame is used

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to prevent their passage under the fence and is the yoke primeval, used in the primitive colonial days and still employed in some localities for this particular purpose. The road to St. Anne's Falls is a very hilly one, but extremely so is the winding way through the forest of stately pines, pretty white birches, and great oaks. But the Canadian horse is a well-trained animal accustomed to such things. There is no halt or hesitancy, no swerving in him. He seems to know his duty, so when a steep hill is reached, he simply throws back his ears, looks straight ahead as if to measure the distance, makes one plunge and is off. With no resemblance of break, he bolts the hill and in a very short time the faithful beast is at the top and down the high slope on the other side. Soon is reached a pretty glade in the forest where the gentle Canadian horse may rest; for the remainder of the way is through a deep, unbroken forest of beautiful white birches with only a footpath to mark the route to the Falls. Beautiful moss-covered rocks—whole family groups—ranging in size from the tiny pebble to the huge boulder which rises like a miniature green mountain among its companions, arrest the attention, and in the silence of the forest we wonder and admire. As we proceed, the stillness is broken by the sound of rushing water. The guide informs us it is the murmuring of the Falls a mile away. It is then the words of the poet burst upon us with all their force and beauty.

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"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and
the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in
the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their
bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring
ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of
the forest."

By and by the path leads to the side of a cliff. Down the steep descent we cautiously descend until safe in the valley beneath us. Oh! How wondrously beautiful the sight! the St. Anne river with its picturesque and wonderful waterfall, flanked on either side by a high wooded bank gaily decked with masses of variegated wild flowers. Natural steps of rock permit us to approach very close to the Falls, where we can get a splendid view of the cave in the rock formed by the action of the water; and if we are brave enough, leaning far out over the edge of the rock, we can see far down the deep, narrow gorge so remarkable for its beauty. After having feasted our eyes upon the charm and grandeur of the wild mountain scenery, let us commune with mother nature, gather a few of her pretty wild blossoms, clamber up the cliff, and retrace our steps through the forest to the glade and resume our drive homeward to the village of Beaupré. Now, perhaps, it is evening, and an excellent opportunity will be afforded to admire the kaleidoscopic view of the purplish,

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blue Laurentians, the lights and shades on mountain and river, the reflected radiance of the glorious sunset colors, in the grandeur and glory of a setting sun. Here also nature's irregularity in the arrangement of her wild flowers, affords ample and interesting material for the botanist. Side by side, the daisy and buttercup in clusters of white and gold, bloom and mingle their beauties with the purple and gold of the gentian and goldenrod. A mingled mass of gorgeous, bright-hued flowers cover and garland the mountain slopes and hillsides, converting the valley or glen into one of nature's own flower gardens; and the traveler must linger and admire the sweet radiance of the lovely wayside flowers. Occasionally we see in some sequestered nook "the lonely thatched cottage;" but as a rule, the Canadian dwellings are conveniently built to cuddle close together with a view for better protection and warmth during the severe winter. Each one desiring to dodge the biting blizzard wind which comes from the east, builds his house jutting a little beyond his neighbor's. One will also notice the unusual introduction of outside stairs leading from the second story of the house to the street. Great embankments of snow, completely shut in the occupants of the house during the severe winter, and on inquiry, it is learned that this ingenious contrivance is the means by which the household circumvents the great white barricade of the elements and gains access to the street. A foot-bridge leading from the second story of the

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house to the haymow of the barn adjoining, gives the farmer access to the barn when the heavy snows render it impossible to reach it by the ordinary footpath. The Canadian dog harnessed to a little, light wagon is taught to draw his master. In this mode of conveyance the milk supply is served to the villagers every morning and evening. This prevailing popular custom is regarded with much wonder and surprise by the tourist, who admires the sagacity and cute appearance of the little animals in their neat little rig. The farms are long and narrow. Not a bit of God's land is wasted. Every foot of ground is utilized and made to supply the wants of man. Little patches seemingly of no value, patches which the American would not consider worth while to cultivate, have been drained and rendered fit for agricultural purposes. Cultivation extends down the slopes of the hillside. Under the skillful hand of the farmer the field ravine is converted into a fertile glen to bud and bloom in a state of cultivation. Unbroken by fences, the alternating colors of the ripening grain and clover, the varying shades of long strips of growing vegetation, with here and there fields of grain in the different stages of harvesting, the cultivated hillsides and glens, all blend in a delightful harmony.

Here we find no caste. Each one has an unbounded love and confidence in his neighbor. Thus they live as one large family, sharing their mutual joys and sorrows. To them, very fittingly, the words of the poet apply:

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“Neither lock had they to their doors. Nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners,
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.”

An intensity of love for God and holy things, so characteristic of the people, pervades the atmosphere of Ste. Anne de Beaupre. As we gaze upon the peaceful serenity and religious beauties of the sacred village, we feel that we are indeed upon hallowed ground—a place especially blessed with Divine love. The people, possessing an unselfish devotion, one for the other, labor in the spirit of brotherly love and, fretting not for earthly joys, strive to live in the perpetual love of God; and He, rejoicing in their fervor and faith, strengthens them in their love and speaks to their hearts of the Kingdom of the Resurrection wherein are joys eternal.

THE END.



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